

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 15.—NO. 16.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 733.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

JOHN BROWN'S SPEECH FROM THE SCAFFOLD.

It seems to be settled that John Brown will be hung according to the sentence of the Court at Charlestown. It can hardly be hoped that the average sentiment of justice, honor, and humanity in Virginia, as exhibited during his trial, will permit Governor Wise to rescind the old man long enough for the Court of Appeals to re-examine his case, and inquire whether the lower Court has not acted upon a faulty indictment, or mistaken an insane man for a criminal. The Slave Power demands revenge for the disturbance of its security and peace. It cannot feel safe until the last of the score of invaders who stormed its citadel is destroyed;—will it feel any safer then?

That John Brown will make any concession or retraction, that he will yield to fear or acknowledge guilt, that he will do anything but vindicate the principle upon which he has acted, and condemn to the last the system of slavery which he aimed to overthrow, no man who knows his history and has marked his deportment during his trial and imprisonment, will for one moment imagine. The speech which he will utter from the scaffold will become historical—taking rank with those dying words of patriots, heroes, and martyrs, which have become the watchwords of after-generations in the great conflicts and triumphs of freedom and truth. We doubt indeed, whether the civility of Virginians will so far conquer their cowardice as to suffer Brown to speak at all before the fatal noose is tied. And therefore, he will do well to deposit his last testimony in writing, with some trusty friend who will see that it reaches the public eye. Perhaps the justice which hurried a sick and wounded man through the mockery of a trial, may permit him the mockery of attempting to speak amid the din of drums, and the boisterous of the crowd. Doubtless the precautions of the sheriff against an imaginary rescue, will so surround the gallows with a military guard, that no reporter shall be able to carry away a word of what Brown may utter. But spoken or unspoken, there will go forth from that scaffold a speech that will stir the land.

There are sentiments of human nature which are universal, spontaneous, and unconquerable. Honor to bravery in whatever cause; honor especially to one who shows unflinching pluck for what he deems the right; honor pre-eminently to one who perils or sacrifices himself in a generous deed for others—the common sentiment of mankind awards this as its spontaneous tribute. The age of hero-worship has not gone by; the sentiments that prompt to this are not extinct. Not the alone who approve the object of Brown's ill-fated exploit, but they equally who disapprove that, feel in their inmost souls a response of admiration for the brave and generous old man. They know that such purposes as his are not fitly requited by the scaffold. And this feeling is strong among those rougher and sturdier men who know enough of personal bravery to admire it in another, and among the hard-fisted sons of toil, who know the worth of a generous deed in behalf of the wronged. John Brown's speech to the Court has found its echo in such sentiments, and the speech from his scaffold will deepen that response.

That scaffold will say to the North,—This is the bloody, the insatiable tyranny of slavery. The very existence of that system demands that freedom shall be for ever silent in its presence; and that the voices of our revolutionary sires shall be hushed; and that whoever shall speak or plan or act for the overthrow of slavery, shall pay for his temerity with his life, if ever he shall come within the grasp of its arm. This is the first lesson. That scaffold demands of all the North, Will you also be slaves?

That scaffold will say to the South,—This must be the price of our slaves and of our security; a system of terror maintained in all our borders, the surveillance of despotism over the stranger and the citizen alike, counting it a crime to speak of emancipation, or to lift a finger to relieve the slave, or to relieve society of this burden. The South may at first obey the behests of this new terror, but by-and-by will count the cost. The lesson of that scaffold upon the ethics and economics of slavery, will be greater than all that has yet been said against the system.

That scaffold will speak to the opponents of slavery words of lofty inspiration. It will remind them that there is a work of conscience and of right, which no hindrance can check, which no violence can put down. A deeper earnestness, a more heroic self-sacrifice, will henceforth possess the minds of all good and true men in opposition to slavery. John Brown as a leader they might not have trusted while living; John Brown as an exemplar in conscientious and unfaltering discharge of duty, they will emulate when he is dead. But the most deep and emphatic utterance of that scaffold will be to the slave. The public execution of John Brown and his associates will be talked of in every cabin of the South. Men who cannot read will catch the whispers of the wind, and all who are in bonds will know—by that telegraphic sympathy which makes the oppressed so quick to hear and feel—that free white men were brave enough to die in the attempt to give freedom to the slave. That scaffold will proclaim the insurrection it is designed to subdue. That scaffold will arouse in the hearts of the oppressed, the determination to brave death itself for liberty. And here endeth its last lesson, in lines of fire and blood.

IMPORTED FOR SEDITION.—The grand jury at Norfolk, Va., have found a true bill of indictment against S. Daneburg, who keeps a clothing and shoe store in that city, for seditious language, calculated to incite insurrection.

The first count charged him with having used the words, "John Brown was a good man, and was fighting in a good cause, and did nothing but what any other honest man would do." And the second count charged that he had uttered the following expressions: "John Brown was fighting in

a good cause," (meaning that he was fighting in the cause of the slave against the master,) "and that owners have no right of property in their slaves," and said that "Brown did nothing but what any other honest man would do." His case will come on early in the present term of the Superior Court, now in session.

A RACY CORRESPONDENCE.

WILL REV. A. PRYNE ANSWER?

KNOXVILLE, Oct. 25th, 1859.

REV. A. PRYNE—SIR: In my debate with you in Philadelphia, I threw up to you, your agency in stealing negroes, and the fact that you were a stockholder in an Underground Railroad, having its depot at Syracuse. Nay, I charged you with assisting in raising funds to send out certain murderous ruffians to Kansas. When you came to reply, you used this language, which will be found, on page 299 of our Debate, in your fifth and last speech.

"And let me tell you, freedom in Kansas was secured by a firm resistance to this spirit of slavery. Do you think it was Congressional speeches that secured freedom in Kansas? You are greatly mistaken; it was GLORIOUS OLD JOHN BROWN WITH HIS ARMED MEN. The Demon of Slavery was lashed back, because he and his brave band were on the ground to let his minions know that they had caught the spirit of '76, and were ready to fight for freedom. While on the subject, excuse a little epigram. I am proud to say that before JOHN BROWN went to Kansas, I HAD THE PRIVILEGE, in an Anti-Slavery Convention at Syracuse, of moving a resolution to buy rifles for him and his boys. I made a speech in favor of the resolution, and though it did not escape opposition, it was carried through enthusiastically; the collection was taken up, and JOHN BROWN AND HIS BOYS were assisted to buy rifles!"

Now, Sir, your 'glorious old John Brown and his boys,' were the originators of the late revolt at Harper's Ferry, according to their own confession. The boys are dead, killed in the engagement, and 'old John' was wounded, and will shortly be hung, as you deserve to be, upon your own testimony. Had you, as a 'Preacher of Righteousness,' exhorted the old soldier, and his villainous boys, to repentance and faith, they might have become religious, instead of dying in this disgraceful act of rebellion and going to Hell, as they doubtless have done. Shame on you, vile hypocrite!

This old Kansas free-soil ruffian, Brown, might never have committed the disorder, plunder, and murder, at Osawatomie, had you not in the Syracuse Convention, raised funds to equip them. Brown and his boys, and the whole set of murderers, mischief makers, had men, public plunderers and murderers, who have been arrested at Harper's Ferry, might have escaped the gallows! How do you feel, you hypocritical philanthropist, when you reflect that you have urged this old murderous villain on to death and Hell?

When I told you, in my second speech, of being the dirty tool of Gerrit Smith, a rich abolitionist, and an Ex-Member of Congress, but then the Liberty candidate for Governor of New York, you replied as will be seen on page 130, of our Debate: "And the best thing to be said yet of Gerrit Smith's good deeds in that direction, is, that he is to-day on the stump in my own glorious Empire State, as a candidate for Governor, under the pledge that if he should be elected, and an effort should be made to take a fugitive slave from the State of New York, he will call out the whole military force of the State to resist it! And, gentlemen, let me say, that when this debate shall have been concluded, I shall, with pleasure, hasten home to my native State, to take the stump for Mr. Smith."

Now, your would-be Governor of New York, is found to be connected with 'glorious old John Brown,' in this infinitely infernal insurrection, and a letter has been found in Brown's possession from Smith, inciting him to check to aid him in his work, endorsed by a New York Bank. Gov. Wise, of Virginia, has this letter, and will, as a matter of course, make a requisition upon Gov. Morgan, of New York, for the vile incendiary and murderer, and if he shall refuse to give up Smith, Wise will call out the whole military force of the State of Virginia, and send after him. Thus it will be seen, that troubles await your patriotic friends engaged in this Harper's Ferry expedition, and they are said to be numerous!

But, Mr. Pryne, I believe you to be engaged in this same insurrection. Not only will your letters be found in the possession of 'glorious old John Brown and his boys,' but I believe you will turn out to have been there in person, under the assumed name of Stevens. Such a man is described in one of my exchange papers, as having made his escape. This is the description given, and it is yours, Mr. Pryne, to the life.

"Said Stevens is about 5 feet 7 inches high; sallow complexion, dark hair, inclining to be sandy, beard on his face and chin long, but not heavy. He is quick spoken, fierce and excitable, with quite a store of information on all subjects."

This description suits you. The cowardice in abandoning, and leaving 'glorious old John Brown' to help himself, also suits you. Add to this, your challenge to me of last month, dated at Williamson, N. Y., to renew the debate on Slavery, which was intended to throw us off our guard, as to your whereabouts, and it is clear to my mind that you were in this movement. And until you prove where you was on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, days of October, 1859, I shall regard you as one of the murderous and cowardly hypocrites, in the Harper's Ferry insurrection, under a false and assumed name!

You are mistaken, Mr. Pryne, in the character of the Virginians. You counted on the Leitcher party acting with your 'glorious old' leader, but it seems they did not come to your rescue. The Southern Democrats will vote with you in elections, and thank you to support their nominees, in all Presidential contests, but when you come into the South heading an insurrection, they will take you up and hang you, and appropriate your

piques, revolvers, Sharp's rifles, and camp equipment!

But, sir, you are all mistaken in your estimates, and the result of this outbreak shows that you are a deluded pack. So far as your insurrectionary movements are concerned, we are not alarmed in the South. Not a single slave joined you in this miserable Harper's Ferry enterprise, and for the good and sufficient reason that they are not dissatisfied with their condition. I am astonished that a man of your reading has not long since been convinced that negroes can never combine, so as to have an extended and simultaneous movement. No ten plantations can ever form a combination without being discovered. The Chartist, in their movements in England, some years ago, were unable to combine, and were routed and dispersed without any trouble. The Canadians, in their revolt, some years ago, failed to combine, and were dispersed in confusion and disgrace. Neither the Irish Patriots of '98, nor the reckless pack associated with the notorious John Mitchell, in a more recent movement, could combine, and they were forced to abscond.

But if negroes could combine, they have no firearms, and no experience in their use. Dunmore offered all the slaves freedom, who would join him in the Revolution, and they refused to enlist. The Tories took to him enough to constitute a regiment, and in the hour of trial they refused to fight against the whites. In South Carolina, during the war of the Revolution, the negroes acted with their masters, and it is a matter of record, that the Whig negroes rendered Gen. Green great service. In 1812, Gen. Ross, by proclamation, offered freedom to all slaves who would join him, and he got none! When he landed at a large plantation to take a number on board, they all took to flight, and carried with them in a place of safety, their mistress and her children! They were of opinion that Ross and his men wanted to put them in their pockets. Our negroes in the South have just all confidence in Northern Abolitionists, and believe that they are only stealing them for purposes of speculation.

Once more, the Creeks, who held vast numbers of slaves, never suffered from insurrections. Spartans, Athenians, and Troy, had eight slaves to one free man, and in most cases they were as intelligent as their owners, but there were no insurrections among them. The Jews, who had to strengthen themselves by enslaving the Edomites, before they could take Canaan, never suffered from an insurrection, though their slaves were their superiors in point of intelligence. The Slaves in Rome were two to one, when compared with their owners and nothing like an insurrection occurred. The greatest defeat Hannibal met with in Italy, was at the hands of legions of slaves under Scipio's auspices. Rome, it is well known, grew in power, as she increased the number of her slaves, and never suffered from an insurrectionary movement. On one or two occasions only, was any trouble given by slaves, and this was occasioned by the conduct of deserting Roman soldiers when the slaves were in the right.

History records but one successful insurrection in our hemisphere, and that was in St. Domingo, in 1791. The island then contained 800,000 inhabitants, of whom only 50,000, or the sixteenth part of the population were whites. That movement was stimulated by low down, enervated and vicious white persons, like 'glorious old John Brown and his boys,' who envied the Spanish and French planters. These facts are briefly sketched and drawn from as reliable an author as our country affords now lying before me. I have submitted them with a view to show you how foolish a scheme you are engaged in. I say you because I honestly believe you have been at Harper's Ferry in person, and ignominiously fled, when danger stared you in the face. If you were not there in person, your letters to 'glorious old John Brown' are in the possession of Gov. Wise, showing that you were aiding and abetting in this murderous work. I hope the letters will be published, and that a requisition will be made upon the New York Governor for you. Should you be brought to Virginia and hung, it will be a curious fact, if I am there, and present on the scaffold, to administer to you in your dying agonies, the consolations of the Gospel!

You recollect, that in our discussion at Philadelphia, only thirteen months ago, you notified me that Slaveholders in the South would be made to sleep with Revolvers under their pillows at night. This Harper's Ferry insurrection is the opening of the campaign, resulting disastrously to the scoundrels associated with you. We have put some of your party to sleep with cold plants under their heads, and others of you we intend shall sleep with ropes around your necks. Hoping to hear from you soon, I have the honor to be, G. W. BROWNLOW,

Editor of the Knoxville Whig.

CERTAINLY!—WILL YOU PUBLISH MY ANSWER?

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1859.

REV. W. G. BROWNLOW—SIR: On my return from a brief visit to Canada, I find your printed letter under date of Oct. 25th. Under ordinary circumstances I should not reply to such a letter. If it had been written by a man who could be fairly held morally responsible for preserving the decencies of civilized life in his correspondence, it would be treated with silent contempt. But each man must be judged somewhat in the light, or darkness, of his surroundings. One in a state of society much worse than that which obtained in the dark ages, trained up under a system which regards cradled-robbing as a Christian virtue, and man-stealing as a mark of exalted piety, cannot be expected to write a letter up to the standard of modern civilization. I should not refuse to answer a letter from a Cannibal, because it was uncourteous, or from a Thug, because it was indecent. Regarding you, therefore, as an offshoot of Tennessee barbarism, a sort of fungus growth from Southern barbarism, I have concluded to fortify myself with such disinfecting agents as are at hand, and go through with the task of answering your letter. I do not reply to W. G. Brownlow, simply, but to the spirit of Southern slavery,

speaking through him as its passive medium.—That spirit I am disposed to meet, whether it comes through the medium of

"The mildest mannered man That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," or speaks through the pen of the most boorish rant that ever robbed a cradle. I make this explanation, that the public may understand why your barbarous epithets cannot be regarded by me as a ground of personal offense.

You begin your letter by a reference to our old debate, and quote what you declare to have been my reply to your charge of aiding slaves to escape. You will find my definite reply to that taunt on page 237 of our debate, as follows:

"My opponent asks me tauntingly whether I have not stock in the 'underground railroad'—whether I would assist a fugitive slave in making his escape? I answer, without hesitation, that if a poor negro, fleeing from Southern oppression should come to my door at night, asking for shelter and a bed, I would give him the best bed in my humble house; and should any kidnapper come in pursuit of him, I happen (though not a man of war) to have in my possession an old rifle, which would do good service in defending him."

I have nothing to add on this head, except that my armament has been somewhat increased since that time, and I trust that discipline and experience has added to my precision in the use of weapons; and I am not only disposed to defend slaves, while they may be my guests, but to seek by all means to facilitate their escape, whether singly or by thousands. This, instead of being slave-stealing, is only restoring the slave to self-possession and plucking him out of the hands of the piratical masters who stole him from his mother's bosom; and since I commenced this letter, I have taken a fine-looking young mulatto man, aged 20, from my house to the next station on the Underground Railroad.

You charge me with having aided John Brown and his sons to arm themselves against the ruffian borders of barbarians who invaded Kansas. Truth compels me to say, with regret, that I did so little in that good work, that you do me too much honor in calling public attention to the matter. Among the privileges which have been denied me because of being poor, none have been foregone with more keen regret, than that of putting the 'sinners of war' in the hands of just such men as the Browns to aid in their 'Kansas work.' Had the means been at my command, I would have given arms not only to Brown and his sons, but to hundreds of others during the Kansas war.

You intimate that if I had, as a Preacher of Righteousness, exhorted Brown, 'he might have become religious,' and been saved from Hell. If by becoming 'religious,' you mean accepting the teachings which you preach, I thank God that I never complied against the old Christian hero's soul, by seeking to damn him with such a religion. It is because he was too humane, too honest, and too just to be corrupted by your cradle-robbing religion, that his martyr soul will ascend from the hands of his fiendish executioners to the bosom of a God who hates oppression and the oppressor's cant. You do not seem to know that John Brown is a man of prayer, and that, like Gideon, he wielded the 'sword of the Lord,' as well as the sword of George Washington, which he plucked from the hands of his unworthy descendants, who have speculated in the very bones of the father of American liberty. Glorious old man! He not only revives in his own person, the heroic religion of Samuel, Elisha, and Elijah, showing the same hatred of tyrants and oppressors, the same high trust in God, and the same sublime contempt for danger and death which made their lives sublime; but Providence puts into his hand the type of our own country's heroic age, in the sword of George Washington. I can but regard it as a wonderful coincidence that this sword should fall into the only hand which America has yet produced worthy to grasp its consecrated hilt. Before you talk trippingly of teaching John Brown religion, go to him and learn how to live a life of obedience to God and love for man, and how to die in a faith which no tyrant can shake, no dangers appal. Look upon that serene, undaunted soul, as it transfigures that shattered body, covered with wounds, racked with pain, and surrounded by mocking fiends thirsting for his blood, and stand awe-struck and abashed, in the presence of a heroic and sublime type of Christian faith, which you can never appreciate.

Your next point is a threat that Gov. Wise shall call out the whole military force of Virginia, and march into New York under Gerrit Smith. In this paragraph you are true to your long established reputation. You are a joker of bad jokes, a generator of vile attempts at wit, which you generally mistake for sense and argument. You are now an old man, and it is a fitting climax to a life spent in burrowing among the refuse of the current newspaper literature of your times, after odoriferous morsels of bastard humor, that your latest production in that line should be a proposition to send the Bombastes Furioso, who now governs Virginia, at the head of his hysterical militia, to capture a citizen of New York. Nothing could be more broadly humorous than a proposition to send the military power of a State, just frightened into spasms of cowardice by John Brown and his twenty followers, who surrounded and took a Virginia town of 2000 people, holding them prisoners for two days, in defiance of all the fighting material that Virginia could muster, compelling her to shriek frantically for United States marines, to capture an English House, held by six white men and three negroes. You have out-done your self in perpetrating this cream of jokes. Only add the threat to come yourself as chaplain, and the champion fool's cap of the world shall be yours. Come along, and we will do our best to have you, and the Virginia 'military force,' accompanied by half a dozen junior members of the New York police, to prevent the little boys and girls from frightening you back from too eager curiosity to see the show.

Your next paragraph is an effort to prove that I am at Harper's Ferry in person. Your argument on this point is quite ingenious and impressive. The grouping together of sandy hair and sallow complexion, rather staggered me at first, or

I might have been convinced. Still I might have worn a wig, and my face might have been a little powder-smoked; and if your argument should fail to convince Gov. Wise, you have my full consent to amend your pleadings in those particulars.—The height must be nearly correct, and as to the 'fund of general information,' I own up with pleasure. Besides, I have no principles which would have prevented my presence on that occasion, for I have long maintained the right of the slave to secure his freedom, though he should march to it over the graves of thousands of his oppressors.—I feel a little delicate about answering questions out of Court, as to my whereabouts on the 16th, 17th and 18th days of October, 1859, but when a Virginia court shall put me to the proof, I hope to be able to show that I was at my post, and doing good service in the cause of freedom.

No person engaged in this heroic strike for freedom was at all mistaken in the character of the Virginians. Had it not been well understood that slavery made them cowards, twenty men would not have dreamed of defying the whole power of the State. The event proves that Brown and his men had a perfectly just estimate of Virginia character.

Your argument to prove that slaves cannot be combined to fight for freedom, is belied by the fright which obtains throughout the entire South at this moment. The Virginians now rush to the towns to sleep over night for fear of such combinations; and as I believe, a few years will demonstrate to you practically, the truth that the slaves can and will combine and achieve their freedom. I leave this part of your letter to be answered by 'coming events,' which have already 'eaten their shadows before.'"

You return again to the proof that I was present with Brown, and smack your lips exultantly over the thought that I am to be hung, and you to act as chaplain. I would be rather a good argument for disposing of your opponent in the Philadelphia debate, and quite consistent with the general history of tyrants and man-stealers, who, when failed in argument, always resort to the auto-da-fé and the gallows. But in the argument of the dramatic personae, which you portray as acting on that occasion of so much personal interest to me, you assume the wrong place. You have quite mistaken your 'call.' While you have not a characteristic to fit you for a chaplain, and by putting on the clerical coat, you have robbed Jack Ketch of an able assistant, and wandered widely from your natural vocation.

As for myself, I think that I could bear being hung in so good a cause as that of human freedom, with a fair share of Christian courage and resignation. But though Virginians are very cruel when frightened, I trust that no court who knows you would be so foolish as to add to the comparative mild sentence of being hung, that most terrible stretch of barbarism, of compelling me to listen to the 'consolations' of your style of gospel. No, not hang me if you can fairly make out a case against me; but in the name of heavenly compassion, save me from Wise's lectures and your prayers.

Thus have I answered your letter. If the answers are not quite satisfactory, if the information you sought is not definitely obtained, you can try again. Experience is necessary to success in all trades. The parasites, pimps and informers, who always revolve around tyrants, are not an exception to this law. True Oates did not attain to his great celebrity as a hunter of heresy and treason all at once. He was compelled to roll up his eyes toward heaven and cry 'Aah, Laird!' many times before he could make a brutal court believe his protestations. You can take courage from his illustrious example. Should Gov. Wise fail to be convinced by your argument to prove that I was at Harper's Ferry, he will probably pay you the guerdon of a spy and informer for there is a jail just being opened by the current events of American history, where such men as you will be needed. Harper's Ferry may prove as great a 'God send' to you, as did the Star Chamber to that swarm of treason hunters, and government informers, who crawled out of the cellars of London to sun themselves around the court of Charles. So, sharpen your wits and cultivate your power of scent, for the market is opening for creatures of your instincts.

You speak of my sending you a challenge to renew our debate on Slavery. You are mistaken. I sent you a note enquiring whether you were ready to fulfill your original challenge to debate the question in a tour through the North. I say you are yet unable to speak. Very well. I now propose a written discussion, to be published in your paper, and also in some northern paper of equal circulation. This plan will free you from the necessity of any vocal exertion. Should it meet your views, write me as to details. Direct your reply to me at Rochester, New York.

A. PRYNE.

A TOUCHING PRAYER.

[On the Sunday next following the Harper's Ferry blow for freedom, the following prayer was offered at the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, (colored,) in New York.

"Oh! Father, we long to put before thee this afternoon the melancholy condition of the millions of our brethren now in chains. Oh! give them thy help and assistance, so that they may come forth and worship according to their consciences! May the day soon come when slavery shall be no longer on the earth—when the principles of humanity shall be established—when justice shall reign supreme, and slavery having passed away, we may meet together a happy people improved in knowledge and goodness. Father, we pray for mercy upon the thousands and tens of thousands of broken-hearted mothers, who mourn because their darling little ones have been snatched from their bosoms. We should remember, as we look around upon our own happiness and domestic comforts, and pray earnestly that it will not be long before all the people of this land shall enjoy similar blessings. Father, remember them as their tears have fallen upon this soil as blood drops upon the earth, and enable them without the shedding

of blood, oh Lord, to walk in the path of duty; break the heart of the oppressor, and pity his arm, that he may be compelled to let the imprisoned go free. May our friends stand firm in this hour of trial, and may they prove heroic and be multiplied in numbers a thousand-fold, until this foul system and curse of the land, and the shame of its people, shall be no longer among us!—Father, we would also remember our brethren in a certain portion of the land now suffering in prison, and who are destined to an ignominious death because they have been the friends of humanity and liberty. Hurl confusion into the councils of their oppressors, and, if they must perish, grant that for every drop of blood which shall flow, thousands and hundreds of thousands may rise up to the cause of bleeding and downtrodden humanity, and the great jubilee be hastened when not a slave shall burthen our land, or any other land under the sun. Grant, O Father, that all now in suffering circumstances may be prepared to meet them, and when we come to die, take us home to heaven, where we shall praise the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Amen!"

LYDIA MARIA CHILD'S REPLY TO GOV. WISE.

In your civil but very diplomatic reply to my letter, you inform me that I have a constitutional right to visit Virginia, for peaceful purposes, in common with every citizen of the United States. I was perfectly well aware that such was the theory of constitutional obligation in the Slave States; but I was also aware of what you omit to mention, viz: that the Constitution has in reality, been completely and systematically nullified whenever it suited the convenience or the policy of the Slave Power. Your constitutional obligation, for which you profess so much respect, has never proved any protection to citizens of the Free States who happen to have a black, brown, or yellow complexion; nor to any white citizen whom you even suspect of entertaining opinions opposite to your own, on a question of vast importance to the temporal welfare and moral example of our common country. This total disregard of constitutional obligation has been manifested not merely by the Lynch law of mobs in the Slave States, but by the deliberate action of magistrates and legislators. What regard was paid to constitutional obligation in South Carolina, when Massachusetts sent the Hon. Mr. Hoar there as an envoy, on a purely legal errand? Mr. Hedrick, Professor of Political Economy in the University of North Carolina, had a constitutional right to reside in that State. What regard was paid to that right, when he was driven from his home, merely because he considered Slavery an impolitic system, injurious to the prosperity of the States? What respect for constitutional rights was manifested by Alabama, when a book-seller in Mobile was compelled to flee for his life, because he had, at the special request of some of the citizens, imported a few copies of a novel, the very name of which was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Your own citizen, Mr. Underwood, had a constitutional right to live in Virginia, and vote for whomsoever he pleased. What regard was paid to his rights, when he was driven from your State for declaring himself in favor of the election of Fremont? With these, and a multitude of other examples before your eyes, it would seem as if the less was said about respect for constitutional obligation at the South, the better. Slavery is, in fact, an infringement of all law, and adheres to no law, save for its own purposes of oppression.

You accuse Capt. John Brown of 'whetting knives of butchery for the mothers, sisters, daughters, and babies' of Virginia; and you inform me of the well-known fact that he is 'arraigned for the crimes of murder, robbery and treason.' I will not here stop to explain why I believe that old hero to be no criminal, but a martyr to principle which he sought to advance by methods sanctioned by his own religious views, though not by mine. Allowing that Capt. Brown did attempt an scheme in which murder, robbery, and treason were, to his own consciousness, involved, I do not see how Gov. Wise can consistently arraign him for crimes he has himself committed. You have threatened to trample on the Constitution, and break the Union, if a majority of the legal voters in these Confederate States dared to elect a President unfavorable to the extension of Slavery. Is not such a declaration proof of premeditated treason? In the Spring of 1842, you made a speech in Congress, from which I copy the following:

"Once set before the people of the Great Valley the conquest of the rich Mexican Province, and you might as well try to stop the wind. This Government might send its troops, but they would run over them like a herd of buffalo. Let the work once begin, and I do not know that this House would hold me very long. Give me five millions of dollars, and I would undertake it myself. Although I do not understand how to set a single squadron in the field, I could find men to do it. Slavery should pour itself abroad without restraint, and find no limit but the Southern Ocean. The Camanches should no longer hold the richest mines of Mexico. Every golden image which had received the profanation of a false worship, should soon be melted down into good American eagles. I would cause as much gold to cross the Rio del Norte as the mules of Mexico could carry; and I would make better use of it, too, than any lazy bigoted priesthood under heaven."

When you thus boasted that you and your 'booted lofers' would overrun the troops of the United States "like a herd of buffalo," if the Government sent them to arrest your invasion of a neighboring nation, at peace with the United States, did you not pledge yourself to commit treason? Was it not by the murder of unoffending Mexicans that you expected to advance those schemes of avarice and ambition? What humanity had you for Mexican "mothers and babes," whom you proposed to make childless and fatherless? And for what purpose was this wholesale massacre to take place? Not to right the wrongs of any oppressed class; not to sustain any great principles of justice, or of freedom; but merely to enable "Slavery to pour itself forth without restraint."

Even if Capt. Brown were as bad as you paint